

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

We will bestow our selues; read on this Booke,  
That show of such an exercise may colour  
Your lowlinesse; we are oft too blame in this,  
Tis too much prou'd, that with deuotions visage  
And pious action, we doe sugar ore  
The Deuill himselfe.

*King.* O tis too true,  
How smart a lash that speech doth giue my conscience?  
The harlots cheeke beautied with plastring art,  
Is not more vgly to the thing that helps it,  
Then is my deed to my most painted word:  
O heauy burthen:

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Pol.* I heare him coming, withdraw my Lord.

*Ham.* To be, or not to be, that is the question,  
Whether tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrowes of outrageous Fortune,  
Or to take armes against a Sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them: To die to sleepe  
No more: and by a sleepe, to say we end  
The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks  
That flesh is heire to; tis a consummation  
Deuoutly to be wisht to die to sleepe,  
To sleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,  
For in that sleepe of death what dreames may come?  
When we haue shuffled off this mortall coyle  
Must giue vs pause, there's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life:  
For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,  
Th' oppressors wrong, the proud mans contumely,  
The pangs of ~~office~~ the Lawes delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurnes  
That patient merit of th' vnworthy takes,  
When himselfe might his *quietus* make  
With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,  
To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life?  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The vndiscover'd Countrie, from whose borne

No

## Prince of Denmarke.

No traeller returnes, puzzles the will,  
And makes vs rather beare those ils we haue,  
Then flie to others that we know not of,  
Thus conscience dooes make cowards,  
And thus the natiue hiew of resolution  
Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought.  
And Enterprizes of great pitch and moment,  
VVith this regard their currents turne awry,  
And loose the name of action. Soft you now,  
The faire *Ophelia*, Nymph in thy Orizons  
Be all my sins remembred.

*Ophe.* Good my Lord,  
How dooes your honour for this many a day?

*Ham.* I humbly thanke you; well.

*Ophe.* My Lord I haue remembrances of yours  
That I haue longed long to re-deliver,  
I pray you now receiue them.

*Ham.* No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

*Ophe.* My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,  
And with them words of so sweet breath composd  
As made these things more rich: their perfume lost,  
Take these againe, for to the noble mind  
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers proue vnkind,  
There my Lord.

*Ham.* Ha, ha, are you honest.

*Ophe.* My Lord.

*Ham.* Are you faire?

*Ophe.* VVhat meanes your Lordship?

*Ham.* That if you be honest and faire, you should admit no  
discourse to your beautie.

*Ophe.* Could beautie my Lord haue better commerce  
Then with honesty?

*Ham.* I truly, for the power of beautie will sooner transforme  
honestie from what it is to a Baud, then the force of honesty can  
translate beautie in his likenesse, this was sometime a Paradoxe,  
but now the time giues it prooffe, I did loue you once.

*Ophe.* Indeed my Lord you made me beleue so.

*Ham.* You should not haue beleeu'd me, for vertue cannot so  
euacuate our old stock, but we shall sellish of it: I loued you not.

*Ophe.*